

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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The Literary Week.

IN accordance with our annual custom we devote a supplement this week to topographical and guide-book literature. The production of guide-books, as of general literature, seems to have been greatly checked by the war. However, as a set off, Mr. Newnes is about to launch a new sixpenny monthly illustrated magazine, devoted to the interests of tourists, and called *The Traveller*. An advance copy of the first number which lies before us is filled with varied and useful matter. Among the permanent features will be "Travel Notes and News," "In the Hotels," "What to Wear Abroad," "Peeps into New Books," "Tours through the Shops," "Sunday Morning Notes," &c., &c. The special articles are well chosen, and altogether *The Traveller* promises to be a most helpful counsellor and an entertaining friend.

THE Elizabethan Stage Society will give its last performance of the season next Friday evening, in the Lecture Theatre, Burlington Gardens, when Schiller's "Death of Wallenstein," translated by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, will be performed.

AMONG the novels that have reached us lately we had set aside *Charlotte Leyland* for a special review on account of certain qualities which distinguished it. The review was in preparation when we received the following communication from Mr. Grant Richards, the publisher of the book: "I published on May 22 *Charlotte Leyland*, by M. Bowles, of which a copy was sent you on that day for review. Since its publication I have learnt that one of the characters is so drawn as to constitute a libel against a lady well-known in London society. Her solicitors threaten me with proceedings unless I withdraw the book from circulation, which I am now doing; they also ask me to warn you against reviewing the book in its present shape." As the three chief characters in *Charlotte Leyland* revolve in orbits very far removed from "London Society," and as the story is mainly concerned with them, we hope that the book will be republished after the excisions that "constitute a libel" have been made. It would be a great pity if such excellent and promising work were to be denied the recognition that Miss Bowles deserves.

JUST now, when the peace of the world is threatened by "The Yellow Peril," it is interesting to turn to the pages of a work which aroused considerable attention at the time of its publication seven years ago—Mr. Charles H. Pearson's *National Life and Character: a Forecast*. This writer was "obsessed" apparently by the idea, which he explains in his work, that the Chinese whose resources he considered immense, the capacity of their people for toil unlimited, and their wants of the slenderest, would eventually dominate the universe—that China's flag would float on every sea, and her naval officers visit every port as honoured guests. He says:

The day will come, and perhaps is not far distant, when the European observer will look round to see the globe girdled with a continuous zone of the black and yellow

racés, no longer too weak for aggression, or under tutelage, but independent, or practically so, in government, monopolising the trade of their own regions, and circumscribing the industry of the European; when Chinamen and the natives of Hindostan, the States of Central and South America, by that time predominantly Indian, and it may be African nations of the Congo and the Zambesi, under a dominant caste of foreign rulers, are represented by fleets in the European seas, invited to international conferences, and welcomed as allies in the quarrels of the civilised world. The citizens of these countries will then be taken up into the social relations of the white races, will throng the English turf, or the salons of Paris, and will be admitted to intermarriage. It is idle to say that, if all this should come to pass, our pride of place will not be humiliated. We were struggling among ourselves for supremacy in a world which we thought of as destined to belong to Aryan races and to the Christian faith: to the letters, and arts, and charm of social manners which we have inherited from the best times of the past. We shall wake to find ourselves elbowed and hustled, and perhaps even thrust aside, by people whom we looked upon as servile, and thought of as bound always to minister to our needs.

A line from Bret Harte irresistibly suggests itself to us.

The Ladysmith Treasury is the title of a volume of stories which Messrs. Sands & Co. announce for immediate publication. The book is dedicated to Sir George White, and it is intended to forward the profits arising from the sale to the Mayor of Ladysmith for the relief of the distress caused by the siege. The following authors have contributed stories: F. Anstey, Joseph Conrad, Bernard Capes, Edgar Fawcett, Francis Gribble, Robert Machray, Ian Maclaren, F. Frankfort Moore, W. E. Norris, Eden Phillpotts, Edwin Pugh, Morley Roberts, Gabriel Setoun, H. A. Vachell, Percy White, and "Zack." The volume has been edited by Mr. J. Eveleigh Nash.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Dowson's 'I have been true to thee, Cynara, in my fashion,' which you quote in last week's ACADEMY, is merely a Swinburnian translation of Mr. Burnand's comic lyric, 'His heart was true to Poll.' Don't you remember how he strayed first with Bet and then with Sal, then with Susan and then with Moll; but all the time, wherever his kisses might be, 'his heart was true to Poll'?"

WE understand that Mr. Robert Barr will finish the romance of Irish life which Mr. Crane left uncompleted.

MR. H. G. WELLS, whose new novel, *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, is attracting very favourable notice, has finished a long story called "The First Men in the Moon." It will begin in the *Strand Magazine* next January.

"C. K. S.," who recently announced in the *Sphere* that what is called Bramwell Brontë's chair at the "Black Bull," Haworth, was for sale, now states that the price asked is £100; but he adds, "I do not for the life of me understand why the most enthusiastic admirer of the Brontë sisters should offer £100 for a chair in which . . . their very worthless brother was so frequently in the cups."

MR. W. D. HOWELLS's pronouncements on the art of the Novel have been many, but they are always lucid and interesting. In a recent after-dinner speech he said some sensible things about the "many-headed." Thus Mr. Howells:

He is a terrible fellow, the average man, but there are a great many of him; and it is worth while trying to find out his secret, if he has one.

The difficulty is not to make him like the best, but to give him the best. In this case, as in so many others, the law of demand and supply works backward, and the demand follows the supply. We must in all these things rely upon education, but education that begins with the artists, as with those who write and paint and build, as those who model and carve. When I see people reading the nine hundred and ninety-ninth thousand of the latest historical romance, my heart sinks; but I do not lose my faith that, when some great novelist divines how to report human nature as truly as such romances report it falsely, people will read him too in the nine hundred and ninety-ninth thousand. I do not say that they will think his novel greater than those romances; probably they will not. . . . But, happily, that is not the artist's affair, in either art; his affair is to do a beautiful and true thing so simply and directly that the average man will not miss the meaning and the pleasure of it.

We have conceived a great respect for the Free Public Library of Wigan. The number of books in its collection must, we think, be far ahead of that possessed by most provincial libraries. A bulky volume of the catalogue has reached us which we supposed comprised the whole library until our eye fell on the words "Letter L Only" printed on the cover. Wigan Library is rich in L's. There are 350 pages of books whose titles or subjects begin with L. The collection of books about London possessed by Wigan is large, though we notice that many cross entries swell the list. The collection of Law books, too, seems amazingly rich to any one who knows Wigan only by the buns in its railway refreshment room. They far exceed those classed under Life, where, however, the titles lack nothing of variety:

Life, a Comedy.
Life, after Death.
Life, Adventures, and Amours.
Life, Conduct of Life.
Life, Future Life.
Life in London.
Life in Normandy.
Life, Holy Life, the Beauty of Christianity.
Life, High Life Below Stairs.
Life of a Bird.
Life of an Insect.
Life, Miseries of Human Life.
Life, Pleasures of Life.
Life Tables, &c., &c.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL & Co. will next week begin their series of "Westminster Biographies" with a monograph on Robert Browning, by Mr. Arthur Waugh. The series is of the dainty order, the volumes being delicately bound in leather. In length the biographies are of about 25,000 words apiece, and they seek to give clear but simple pictures of their subjects, selecting striking points only, and avoiding tedious detail. The volumes will be in two forms, at half-a-crown and two shillings, and fit easily into the pocket.

THE Guild of Handicraft has issued its sixth publication, an edition of Shakespeare's poems in the orthography of the early editions with initial letters, "bloomers" they are called, by Mr. Reginald Savage. The book is a fine piece of typography, and is bound in limp vellum with tapes to fasten it. Such books have their lovers, but we are not

among them. The initial letters—one is attached to each stanza and sonnet throughout the volume—do but vex our eyes with their endless array and importunate blackness. But it is a matter of taste, and tastes differ profoundly.

A CORRESPONDENT who has enjoyed Mr. Thomas Seccombe's article on M. Anatole France (to which we referred three weeks ago) would like ACADEMY readers to share his enjoyment of the following "delicious ironical portrait, by M. France, of the antiquary, Pignonneau." The translation is Mr. Seccombe's. M. Pignonneau speaks:

"I have consecrated my entire life, as is well known, to the study of Egyptian archaeology, nor have my labours been sterile. I can say, without self-flattery, that my *Memoir upon the Handle of an Egyptian Mirror in the Louvre Museum* may still be consulted with advantage, though it was one of my earliest productions. . . . Encouraged by the flattering reception accorded to my studies by colleagues at the Institut, I was tempted for a moment to embark upon a work of a much wider scope—no less than a broad survey of the weights and measures in use at Alexandria under the reign of Ptolemy Auletes (80-52 B.C.). But I recognised very soon that a subject so general and so vast is not in any way adapted for treatment by a genuine man of science, and that serious scholarship could undertake it only at the risk of finding itself compromised amid all kinds of adventures. I felt that in considering several subjects at one and the same time I was abandoning the fundamental principle of an archaeologist. If to-day I confess my error, if I avow the inconceivable enthusiasm which launched me upon a project so extravagant, I do it in the interest of the young student, who will learn from my example to subdue his imagination. It is likely to be his most cruel enemy; for the scholar who has not succeeded in stifling the imagination within him is for ever lost to science. I shudder still when I think of the chasms over which I was dangled by my adventurous spirit in this (happily) transitory ardour for general ideas. I was within an ace of what is called History! What an abyss! I was upon the point of falling into Art. For History is really no more, or at best only a specious and false science. Is it not a matter of common knowledge to-day that the historian has preceded the archaeologist, just as the astrologer has preceded the astronomer, the alchemist the chemist—nay, as the ape has preceded the man? But, thank heaven! I got off with a fright."

In the current *Argosy* appears this very interesting letter of Harrison Ainsworth's:

Kensal Manor House, Harrow-road, London,
 April 7, 1842.

MY DEAR DR. E.,—You must excuse a very short note in answer to your kind and sympathising letter, because I am much pressed for time, and am, of necessity, obliged to abridge all my correspondence. You ask me how much I have made by my literary exertions in one year. I will just put down the positive gains of last year:

<i>Old St. Paul's</i>	£1,000	0	0
<i>Editorship, Bentley</i>	612	0	0
<i>For Guy Fawkes</i>	150	0	0
<i>Tower of London</i> (about).....	300	0	0
	£2,062	0	0

by which you will see that I made upwards of £2,000 in that year. By similar exertions I could make the same amount in any year. . . .

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

The last sentence is delightfully sanguine and matter of fact. But Ainsworth wrote when the tastes of readers changed less rapidly than now.

MR. HERMAN MERIVALE has been given a pension on the Civil List by Mr. Balfour. It is stated that Mr. Merivale has been a sufferer in one of the recent failures of London solicitors which have attracted so much attention. For some years Mr. Merivale was editor of the *Annual Register*, a position once occupied by Edmund Burke. His plays, novels, and verses have been numerous.

A REACTION against the Omar Khayyám cult is bound to set in. It has, in fact, already set in. In the *People's Friend* Mr. A. H. Miller discusses, somewhat trenchantly, the fragmentary records of Omar, and the few and late texts of his poem; and he asks:

What can one make of a poem (or set of verses) whose supposed author may have died either in 1090 or 1126, whose poetical writings were absolutely unknown in the East—in his native Persia as well as in India—until the present century; whose text is so indefinite that it varies from 632 lines to 2064 lines, and the oldest copy of whose verses was confessedly written nearly four centuries after his death? The most devoted professor of Higher Criticism would give up such a problem in absolute despair.

Possibly, though we should hesitate to put a limit to the patience of a professor of the Higher Criticism. In any case FitzGerald's poem—be it what it may in relation to Omar—can, and does, stand on its own merits, which are many and deep and, we believe, lasting. Mr. Miller continues:

The Omar of the quatrains was a Pantheist, and disowned the Monotheism of Mahomet: he was a fatalist who believed in no hereafter, but preached the Epicurean method of enjoying to-day and caring nothing for to-morrow. He was a wine-bibber, though the Mahometan creed bound him to abstinence from wine, and it is possible that his hopeless heresy led him to pen such a stanza as this!

Yesterday this Day's Madness did prepare;
To-morrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why;
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

Omar's fatalism was not that of the true Son of the Faithful, who looked for a positive reward hereafter for the deeds done in his body. The poet scoffed bitterly at every such delusion.

There is not much comfort in the mournful pessimism of such a creed, and it seems strangely out of harmony with the spirit of an age which has witnessed many fervent religious revivals, and has carefully avoided the pitfalls of Atheism and Materialism. Hence it is probable that the Omarism which has suddenly burst forth within these few years will rapidly sink into oblivion; and the next generation, as the present, will prefer the calm, steady faith of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and "Crossing the Bar," to the heartless, hopeless, impotent despair of the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám."

Surely Mr. Miller protests too much. Many read Omar, but who takes him for a guide? In the varied moods and situations of life one teacher and then another shall prevail, one message and then another seem good. Job's friends, as well as Job, speak wisdom.

It is not generally known that "Comedy and Tragedy," which Miss Janette Steer revived with "Pygmalion and Galatea" at the Comedy Theatre on Thursday, originally appeared as a short story which Mr. W. S. Gilbert contributed to a theatrical annual edited by Mr. Clement Scott, called "The Stage Door," in 1879.

THE literary fecundity of Leigh Hunt is hardly appreciated in these days, when only his essays and his *Town* are read, and these by few people. Striking evidence of his industry is afforded by Messrs. Sotheby's catalogue of the library of the late Mr. Francis Harvey, in which no fewer than seventy-two works by Leigh Hunt are set down.

A WRITER in the *Pall Mall Gazette* has made an interesting collection of common misquotations. We take leave to make a selection from his list, which we fancy contains

accusations for almost everybody. In the following examples the misquotation comes first, then the correct rendering:

"The tongue is an unruly member."—"But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil." (James iii. 8.)

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins."—"Charity shall cover the multitude of sins." (1 Peter iv. 8. Rev. Vers.: "Love covereth a multitude of sins.")

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."—"A little learning is a dangerous thing." (Pope. *Essay on Criticism*. Misquoters are hereby given notice that Pope was a man of intelligence, and did not write nonsense.)

"A man convinced against his will Will hold the same opinion still."—"He that complies against his will Is of his own opinion still." (Butler. *Hudibras*. Part III. Butler also was a man of intelligence.)

"Make assurance doubly sure."—"Make assurance double sure." ("Macbeth." Act IV. Sc. i.)

"Benedict the married man" should be "Benedick the married man." ("Much Ado about Nothing.")

"Falleth as the gentle dew."—"Droppeth as the gentle rain." ("Merchant of Venice." Act IV. Sc. 1.)

"The man that hath no music in his soul."—"The man that hath no music in himself." (*Ibid.* Act V. Sc. 1.)

"Falls like Lucifer Never to rise again."—"Falls like Lucifer Never to hope again." ("Henry VIII." Act III. Sc. 2.)

"Thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa."—"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa." (Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book I.)

"Fresh fields and pastures new."—"Fresh woods and pastures new." (Milton, *Lycidas*.)

"Just cause and impediment."—"Cause or just impediment." (Book of Common Prayer.)

"The even tenour of their way."—"The noiseless tenour of their way." (Gray's *Elegy*.)

In his *Nature in Downland*, which we review elsewhere, Mr. W. H. Hudson tells, with some relish, the story of the dedication which Gilpin affixed to his last book on forestry, in which he abused the Sussex Downs. It was inscribed, says Mr. Hudson,

to the memory of a still living wife, the faithful companion of his rambles for over fifty years. Of course he quite expected that she would be gone before the book was out; but he was greatly mistaken, just like the rogues who lied in the famous ballad of the mad dog and the man who was bitten by it. He it was, even Gilpin, who died, leaving his good wife alive and well to publish the book, dedication and all.

WHEN literature falls into the hands of the professional joke-maker—say the joke-maker of the *Chicago Times-Herald*—the effect is that of lions jumping through hoops. According to the above paper:

The most cheerful author is Samuel Smiles.
The noisiest author—Howells.
The tallest author—Longfellow.
The most flowery author—Hawthorne.
The holiest author—Pope.
The most amusing author—Thomas Tickell.
The happiest author—Gay.
The most fiery author—Burns.
The most talkative author—Chatterton.
The most distressed author—Akenside.

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, who has ere now compared the nightjar to Browning and the nightingale to Tennyson, says of the former bird in his new book, *Travels in England*: "He is seldom mentioned in poetry; indeed, almost all the important references to him are to be found in the writings of Mr. George Meredith. It was the nightjar, not the nightingale, I like to think, that was in the wood that holy night with Lucy and Richard; and the nightjar is the chosen bird of 'Love in the Valley.'"

Bibliographical.

No one will grudge Mr. Herman Merivale the Civil List pension which, it is said, has been bestowed upon him. It may be quite true that his contributions to literature pure and simple have not been very numerous or very important. Two prose fictions and two volumes of verse—these, with collaboration in a little *Life of Thackeray*, represent, I believe, the bulk of his published output in the *belles lettres*. *Faust of Baliol* (1882) is most notable, perhaps, as being based upon, or the basis of (which is it?), the play by Mr. Merivale which has been represented on the stage under no fewer than three titles—"The Modern Faust," "The Cynic," and "The Lover." "Binko's Blues," the other story, came out in 1884. It had been preceded by *The White Pilgrim, and Other Poems* (1883), which, again, was followed by *Florien, and Other Poems*. "The White Pilgrim" is a play in verse, the scenario of which was furnished by Gilbert Arthur à Becket. This piece was duly performed rather more than a quarter of a century ago. "Florien" also is a play of verse, but has never, I believe, been acted. Nevertheless, it is by his dramatic works that Mr. Merivale is best and most deservedly known. "The Modern Faust" is no longer in the current theatrical repertory; nor are "A Son of the Soil" and "Peacock's Holiday" (both adaptations), "The Lord of the Manor" (founded upon "Wilhelm Meister"), or "Civil War" (from the French). On the other hand, "All for Her" and "Forget Me Not," written in collaboration, are often in demand; "The Butler" and "The Don" (written with Mrs. Merivale) may be revived by some follower of Mr. Toole; and "Ravenswood," a dramatisation of "The Bride of Lammermoor," may some day be reproduced by Mr. Henry Irving. Personally, I think Mr. Merivale was at his best in the burlesque which he called "The Lady of Lyons Married and Settled." In the "book" of that diverting piece will be found some humorous and witty verses which, in literary quality, run the best work of Mr. W. S. Gilbert very close.

Somebody has been saying—apropos of the thirtieth anniversary of Dickens's death—that the author of *Pickwick* is not read nowadays, and sundry heads of public libraries have hastened to tell us that he is read, supporting their assertion by reference to the records of books by Dickens which have been "taken out" by their clients. That, I think, is irrefragable testimony. I could, in my capacity of bibliographer, recount to you a long list of recent editions of Dickens's works; but it does not follow because a book is published that it is read. People buy editions of the classics—as they buy any other furniture—to look well. Dickens's works are among "the books that no gentleman's library should be without," but I doubt very much if the "gentleman" bestows much, if any, time upon them. I find among the conventionally "educated" members of the new generation a large ignorance of Dickens. I find, moreover, among the educated members of the elder generation a marked disinclination to read Dickens over again. On the other hand, you have this undoubted demand for Dickens among the class which "takes out" books from public libraries. The conclusion is obvious. Dickens is "read," but mainly by "the people." Your "cultured" person prefers Thackeray. I do myself. But I can quite believe that Dickens, if he is conscious of his present vogue in England, is quite satisfied with the direction it has taken.

I am glad to note that the managers of the Irish Literary Theatre propose to give this year a representation of Calderon's "Purgatory of St. Patrick," as translated by Denis Florence McCarthy, and published, with other translations from Calderon, in 1853. McCarthy did much to make the Spanish dramatist known to English readers. Beside the volume named, which contained six

plays, there was one, containing three plays, printed in 1861; another, devoted to one play, comprising "The Two Lovers of Heaven," appeared in 1870; and in 1873 there came a third, containing three plays. In fact, so far as bulk goes, McCarthy's versions of Calderon are more considerable than those of Omar FitzGerald, who, I fancy, tackled and "freely translated" only eight of the master's dramas.

Attention has been drawn to the opinions on savage as opposed to civilised life expressed by the late Major Thruston, whose account of his "personal experiences in Egypt and "Unyoro" has just been published by Mr. Murray. Major Thruston had thought of ending his days in this country, but soon, he says, "began to think that the advantages of a residence in England were perhaps somewhat overrated. The climate was vile, the natives were yahoos, dirty in their persons, and rude in their manners; their restrictions I found tedious, their conventionalities artificial and insufferable." So once more the major volunteered for work in Africa. As regards his appreciation of the so-called "savage," he would have found R. L. Stevenson a man after his own heart, and would have read with pleasure what Stevenson wrote from Honolulu in 1889: "I love the Polynesian: this civilisation of ours is a dingy, ungentelemanly business; it drops out too much of man, and too much of the very beauty of the poor beast." (*Letters* ii. 153.)

"When they do agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful." Thus it is that no sooner does one leading English actress announce that she is about to appear in a play having Nell Gwyn for its heroine, than another leading actress comes out with a similar announcement. Why this sudden and simultaneous interest in Nell? Mr. Frankfort Moore has just made her the central figure of a novel, thus following immediately in the wake of Mr. Anthony Hope. The worst of it is that the Nell Gwyn of the stage is not at all likely to be the Nell of history; and it is to be hoped that all those people who witness the two promised plays will straightway betake themselves to Peter Cunningham's memoir of the actress, therein to discover what sort of woman she really was. The memoir, it may be remembered, was reprinted a few years ago, with Cunningham's latest corrections and a useful introduction by Mr. H. B. Wheatley. That is the edition which should be consulted by the playgoer.

Talking of plays, I see that a London actor-manager is going to revive the drama which Charles Reade based upon Tennyson's "Dora." Altogether, our late Laureate has provided the foundations for a good many dramatic works. He suggested Mr. Gilbert's "Princess"; there are several stage versions of "Enoch Arden"; two Americans wrote a play about "Elaine"; and Mr. Comyns Carr's "King Arthur" reflected the tone and influence of Tennyson rather than those of Malory. Another poet-dramatist comes to the fore in a few days, when the Elizabethan Stage Society will perform the Schiller-Coleridge "Death of Wallenstein." Why not give us the whole trilogy, presenting the three plays on successive days? The enterprise would be worthy of the inexhaustible energy of Mr. Poel, who is always so enthusiastic about the "literary" play.

The latest autobiographer in *M. A. P.* is Mr. Freeman Wills, who tells us what he saw and did "in the days of his youth." He had already done something of the sort in the opening chapters of his memoir of his brother—W. G. Wills—to which book, by the way, he makes no reference in his article, though it is probably the work by which he will be remembered when *The Only Way* and such-like have gone into oblivion.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Unproven.

The Unknown. By Camille Flammarion. (Harper Bros.)

M. FLAMMARION is a most distinguished astronomer, in which capacity he has lately attended the expedition sent by the French Government to observe the solar eclipse at Lisbon. He has also always had the courage of his opinions, as when he last year dissociated himself from the spirit-rappers, who had till then quoted him as their most famous convert. For which reasons we are inclined to treat *The Unknown* with more attention than it seems to be entitled to from intrinsic merit. In this work, which is a none too accurate translation of a French original, published, if we remember rightly, some years back, M. Flammarion gives us one hundred and eighty-one cases where persons of presumed trustworthiness have received what they consider to be communications from friends or relatives at the moment of the death of the latter, he follows this up by a short chapter on Hallucinations—which are, though he does not say so—deceits of the senses pure and simple. He then presents us with a discursive and not very closely reasoned chapter on "Psychic Action," in which he suggests the mode in which the mind of one person can be supposed, without the intervention of the senses, to act upon that of another: and he then plunges into a discussion of dreams, of which he gives instances hardly inferior in number to those which he calls "telepathic manifestations of the dying." A later volume is, we gather, to include cases of communications with the dead and of "presentiments," and the "eternal problem of free will and of destiny" is then to be discoursed upon. But, from the facts he has already collected, M. Flammarion thinks himself entitled to draw "certain preliminary conclusions" of which the following are fair specimens:

One soul [not, it will be observed, "mind"] can influence another soul at a distance, and without the aid of the senses. . . . Many dead persons [the context shows that "the deaths of many persons" is meant] have been told [i.e., announced?] by telepathic communication, by apparitions [subjective or objective], by voices distinctly heard, by songs, noises, and movements (real or imaginary), and impressions of different kinds. . . .

There are psychic currents as well as aerial electric and magnetic currents, &c.

The soul, by its interior vision, may see *not only what is passing at a great distance*, but it may also know in advance *what is to happen in the future* [the italics are not ours]. The future exists potentially, determined by causes which bring to pass successive events.

These are sufficiently large conclusions, and we feel that the premisses must be correspondingly well founded to bear their weight.

M. Flammarion's premisses, however, break down so completely when examined as to make one wonder whether Frenchmen, in spite of the clearness of thought and expression that they often show, have any idea of what evidence really is. One of his theories is that at the time of death a "vibration" can be set up by the expiring person which can strike the mind or soul [we have seen that he uses the words indifferently] of another at a distance. Looking haphazard into his list of cases, we find [Case cxxx.] that a lady doctor asleep at Lausanne on October 29 was awakened by "little knocks" at her door, which had been left open for the convenience of her cat.

"By chance [she says] my eyes lighted on my cat, who was occupying his usual place at the foot of my bed. He was sitting up, with his fur bristling, trembling and growling. The door was shaken as if by a slight gust of wind, and I saw a figure wrapped in a kind of white gauze, like a veil over some black material. I could not distinctly see the face. She drew near me. I felt a cold shiver pass over me; I heard the cat growl furiously. Instinctively I shut my eyes, and when I reopened them all had disappeared."

Later she hears that a former friend of hers had died ten days before the date of the apparition, of peritonitis, and of course concludes that the vision came to inform her of the fact. Here the evidence is direct, but the death and the mysterious announcement of it did not even correspond in point of time. In other cases the time corresponds, but the evidence is of the kind known as hearsay. Thus we read [Case cxliii.] of a German professor named "Paul L—," who is warned by a mysterious voice that his sister is ill, and the warning being confirmed by telegram, sets out with his mother in a post-chaise.

On their way, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, M. L— saw the form of his sister suddenly glide by him and brush against him as she passed through the carriage. . . . When they returned home they found that the clock had stopped at the exact hour of their sister's death, and that her picture had fallen at the same time. The portrait had been carefully nailed to the wall, but it had fallen without pulling out the nail.

As it is said in the same letter that M. L. had a firm conviction when his sister appeared to him in the post-chaise that she had died at that very moment, he was no doubt in a proper state of mind to be impressed by the dramatic stopping of the clock and the fall of the picture. But the letter that M. Flammarion produces in evidence is signed, not "Paul L.," but "V. Mouravieff," and written in 1899, whereas M. L.'s experience occurred in 1866. Is any value to be attached to hearsay after a lapse of thirty-three years? In another case (cxviii.) an "old bachelor" writes that when he was twenty-five he was in love with a girl whom her family refused to him.

Dec. 17, 1867.—I was thinking about all this, when the door of my room opened softly, and, almost noiselessly, Marthe entered. . . . Eleven o'clock struck—this I can confidently assert, for I was not sleeping. The vision drew near me, leaned lightly over me, and I tried to seize the young girl's hand. It was icy cold. I uttered a cry, the phantom disappeared, and I found myself holding a glass of cold water in my hand. . . . On the evening of the next day I heard of the death of Marthe, the night before at eleven.

As the poor old gentleman says that he still "thinks constantly of the vision," and that "it haunts his sleep," the suggestions that the vision was a dream caused by the glass of water—a theory that he himself hazards—and that he had by dint of long musing unconsciously invented the correspondence in time, are irresistible. But no common-sense explanation will do for M. Flammarion, and he appends to the story a note that "telepathic influence is much more probable"!

There are, of course, other stories in the book which, in the absence of cross-examination, appear to support M. Flammarion's views better than those that we have quoted. But the fact that these last should be gravely put forward in support of his case is, to our mind, a psychological phenomenon much more marvellous than any he quotes. Its explanation is, perhaps, to be found in a passage in his Conclusion that "the object of these researches is to discover if the soul of man exists as an entity, independent of his body, and if it will survive the destruction of the same." In other words, M. Flammarion, instead of first collecting his facts, and then extracting, if possible, the general law which they reveal, begins with a preconceived theory, and then hunts about for the facts which seem to him to fit it. Had it not been for this inversion of the scientific method, we are sure that a trained observer would never have dreamed of adducing the three cases quoted above in support of any of the conclusions given, and his having done so shows us the besetting fallacy of most of those who receive eagerly stories of apparitions and the like. That the soul of man is inserted into his body, as a celebrated Anglican preacher once said, "like a pin into a pincushion, to fall out at the first shake," is a theory nearly as old as the world, and is at the present moment held by the lowest savages quite as

firmly as by the professors of the most sublime religions. Hence we are all, both by heredity and training, predisposed to believe in it, and would gladly grasp at anything that might confirm the faith we have received in our childhood. But up to the present, at any rate, this theory receives no confirmation from physical science, and if any such proof does come it seems hardly likely that it will take the shape of doubtfully-authenticated ghost-stories.

Rossetti at Sixteen.

Lenore. By Gottfried August Bürger. Translated from the German by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. (Ellis & Elvey).

THIS interesting "find" was only made last year. It was known to his brother that Rossetti had translated Bürger's *Lenore* in 1844, being then only sixteen; but it was believed that the poem (which was only in MS.) had perished. At Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's sale of 1899, however, a copy turned up, and was bought by Mr. Gilbert J. Ellis. It is now for the first time published, with a preface by the poet's brother, Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

It is not probable the poet would ever himself have given it to the world, for it is not worthy of his maturity. Nevertheless, if not such a version as the adult Rossetti would have owned, its merits as a translation justify the publication, apart from literary curiosity. Bürger's *Lenore* was one of the first products of the Romantic movement in Germany, started by the study of our own ballad-poetry; and it had great influence in England at the outset of our own Romantic revival, when our ballad-literature was still little known. At the present day it is harder to understand the sensation it made. It has been more often translated than, perhaps, any other German poem. Taylor of Norwich was first, followed by Sir Walter Scott. Both versions, especially Taylor's, are rather adaptations than translations, but Taylor's has some fine features. Of the rest, the only one worth comparison with Rossetti's has escaped Mr. W. M. Rossetti's knowledge in the interesting list which he gives in his preface—that, namely, of Clarence Mangan, the Irish poet.

Rossetti's is certainly a remarkable performance for a youth of sixteen. Mangan's is more faithful to the German, but Rossetti is more uniformly spirited, though Mangan does not lack spirit in particular passages. One wonders if Rossetti had seen the Irish poet's version. One of his two departures from the original metre is the lengthening of the final couplet to four instead of three feet, which is precisely one of Mangan's two divergences from the original metre. Rossetti's metre, however, differs from the original in point of rhythm as well as form; it is, in fact, the rhythm which he afterwards used for his own *Rose Mary*. At the outset he handles it very vilely, and the translation, from a poetical standpoint, is no less vile. As, for instance:

The Empress and the King,
With ceaseless quarrel tired,
At length relaxed the stubborn hate
Which rivalry inspired.

But as Bürger really comes to business, Rossetti gets into his stride; the more demand is made upon him, the better he writes. His first chance comes with the happily alliterative stanza describing the arrival of the ghostly lover at Lenore's door; and he strives to match its alliteration in English:

But hark to the clatter and the pat pat patter
Of a horse's heavy hoof!
How the steel clanks and rings as the rider springs,
How the echo shouts aloof!
While slightly and lightly the gentle bell
Tingles and jingles softly and well;
And low and clear through the door plank thin
Comes the voice without to the ear within.

But the fifth and sixth lines are novice work compared to the felicitous alliteration of Taylor's version:

But soon she heard a tinkling hand
That twirled at the pin.

Taylor, to be sure, imitated the old ballads, whereas Rossetti has ventured for himself. Then comes one of the test stanzas of the poem; and Rossetti's rendering is decidedly spirited—marred chiefly by the bad third line.

She busked her well, and into the selle
She sprang with nimble haste—
And gently smiling, with a sweet beguiling,
Her white hands clasped his waist:
And hurry, hurry! ring, ring, ring!
To and fro they sway and swing;
Snorting and snuffing they skim the ground,
And the sparks spurt up, and the stones run round.

Rossetti is, again, full of *verve* in the stanza which has the famous refrain, Taylor's and Scott's imitation (rather than translation) of which we have already quoted:

How flew to the right, how flew to the left,
Trees, mountains, in the race!
How to the left, and the right and the left,
Flew town and market-place!
"What ails my love? the moon shines bright:
Bravely the dead men ride thro' the night.
Is my love afraid of the quiet dead?"
"Ah! let them alone in their dusty bed!"

Not happy, however, is the epithet "quiet dead" for the participators in this spectral ride; and Mangan's last lines are, perhaps, better:

With light-like flight, to left and right,
How fled each hamlet, tower and town!

"Hurrah! the dead ride rapidly!
Beloved, dost dread the shrouded dead?"
"Ah, no! but let them rest!" she said.

In the summons of the dead criminals, Rossetti discards fidelity with fine effect. Four lines of Mangan are, perhaps, superior; certainly closer:

"So ho! poor carcass, down with thee!
Down, king of bones, and follow me!
And thou shalt gaily dance, ho! ho!
Before us when to bed we go."

But thereafter Rossetti carries all before him, at whatever cost of literal adherence.

See, see, see! by the gallows-tree,
As they dance on the wheel's broad hoop,
Up and down, in the gleam of the moon
Half lost, an airy group:
"Ho! ho! mad mob, come hither again,
And join in the wake of my rushing train;
Come, dance me a dance, ye dancers thin,
Ere the planks of the marriage-bed close us in."

And hush, hush, hush! the dreamy rout
Came close with a ghastly bustle,
Like the whirlwind in the hazel-bush,
When it makes the dry leaves rustle:
And faster, faster! ring, ring, ring!
To and fro they sway and swing;
Snorting and snuffing they skim the ground,
And the sparks spurt up, and the stones run round.

This is about the best thing in the translation, from a poetic standpoint, and one quite recognises in it the true Rossetti. There are two more decidedly fine stanzas, had we space to quote them; and then, with the close of the ride, the translator flags, like the hero's horse. Evidently he had neither heart nor care for the skull and rattle-bones business with which the poem ends; for it is as abominably rendered as it deserves to be. On the whole, in spite of obvious blemishes, the youthful Rossetti has executed perhaps the best translation of *Lenore* which exists—certainly the most energetic and spirited.

General "Unforeseen."

1815: *Waterloo*. By Henry Houssaye, Member of the Académie Française. Translated from the Thirty-First French Edition by Arthur Emile Mann, and Edited by A. Euan-Smith. (Adam & Charles Black.)

We have studied M. Houssaye's remarkable and masterly work with considerable care. Every page turned has but confirmed our first impression. Here, in two paragraphs and a line of figures, is the summary of a monument of erudition, of tireless patience, of triumphant research.

BOOK I. CHAPTER I.

SECTION I.

On his return from Elba the Emperor found scarcely 200,000 men under arms. . . . The number of men on six months' leave of absence amounted to 32,800, the deserters to 85,000. It was possible to rely on the vast majority of the former; and already three or four thousand of them had rejoined their dépôts in obedience to the Royal decree of March 9. But among the 85,000 men "absent without leave" there would undoubtedly be many refractory ones; there would also be a number liable, on presenting themselves, to be finally dismissed, on the ground of their being either invalids or fathers of families. The Minister of War, Marshal Davout, reckoned that the recall of soldiers of every description would hardly muster a total of 59,000 men.

BOOK III. CHAPTER VIII.

SECTION IV.

Napoleon never exercised the commandship more efficiently, and never was his action more direct. But, in reality, forced to play the part of *sergent de bataille*, so censured by Maurice de Saxe, he applied all his efforts in repairing the mistakes, the omissions, and the faults of his lieutenants. And, seeing all his combinations prove abortive, all his attacks failing, his generals frittering away his splendid troops, his last army melting through their hands, and the enemy dictating to him, he lost his resolution with his confidence, hesitated, limited himself to providing against the more pressing dangers, waited for the lucky moment, let it pass, and did not dare in time to risk all in order to save all.

NOTES.

Number of pages, 159. Number of separate notes, 1,231!

Here is no attempt at word-painting or picturesque writing. The volume is built upon statistics and mortared with archives. "Two hundred thousand men": it sounds a good round number, easily enough computed. It is remarkable, however, because it is correct. In almost every existing history of Waterloo, with the exception of Sir Herbert Maxwell's (who has acknowledged his indebtedness to M. Houssaye in most generous terms), you will find a different total. Napoleon himself estimated the effective strength of the army on March 20 at 149,000 men, while Charras put it down at 224,000. But M. Houssaye always goes, behind and beyond the accepted authorities, to the original documents, musty and often forgotten; tabulates, classifies, annotates, until his search is rewarded by the discovery of bed-rock fact. We may criticise M. Houssaye's criticisms; but, as a compilation, his work is unquestionably authoritative, the most complete, the most accurate collection of facts and figures about the great campaign that has ever been offered to the public.

The opening paragraph, which we quote, is eloquent of the amazing difficulties Napoleon had to surmount and, in this way too, is characteristic of M. Houssaye's history, which, as we shall see later, is something of an apology for failure. Public opinion was hostile to the war, and even among those who responded to the call there were thousands of malcontents. The army was undisciplined, critical, without confidence in its leaders; discord reigned in the general staffs, confidence was at lowest ebb among the officers. You cannot read the figures in the first

paragraph without realising that the wonder of Waterloo is not that Napoleon lost but that he almost won. And that wonder grows with every chapter.

His first sentence is typical, too, of M. Houssaye's weakness as well as his strength. One has almost to be reminded that these words usher in one of the greatest dramas of all time. M. Houssaye has neither the dramatic insight nor the wide-cast vision of the born historian. You start with the Emperor and his two hundred thousand men. As you turn the pages, these are joined by all the giant figures of that memorable year and the armies grow and grow. But in all that vast host there is not a living, breathing, moving creature, not one. M. Houssaye's Waterloo is bloodless, noiseless; M. Houssaye's Napoleon, his Wellington, his Blücher, just pieces on the great battle-board. For students of military history this is a great, an invaluable volume; to students of human history it offers next to nothing. The individual brain must do what M. Houssaye has left undone and breathe life and colour and movement and the clash of arms into this army of dry facts. For M. Houssaye seldom shows the man behind the mask of the soldier, and when once or twice, particularly in his description of the final disaster, he does lift the mask you catch a glimpse of a—corpse.

No one who has read M. Houssaye's previous works needs to be reminded that he is devoted to the Napoleon idea, and although he always endeavours to be as scrupulously fair as he is accurate, it is easy to see that he is firm in his opinion that at Waterloo the best man did not win. The real hero of his book is, however, not Napoleon, but that grim and shadowy figure whom the French have named le Général Imprévu—the unforeseen, chance, luck, providence, call it what you will. It was he who moulded the destinies of empires in the decisive hours of the century, and he who, in the guise of Ney and Grouchy and the endless array of mistakes of omission and commission of his lieutenants, hounded Napoleon to St. Helena. Such a theory can never be palatable to English taste, but now that it is admitted by almost every authority that Wellington was surprised and, in a degree, outwitted and out-generalled at Waterloo, we are, at least, in a position to give it fair consideration. If M. Houssaye does not prove his case to our entire satisfaction, he at least convinces us that "General Unforeseen" was more often to be found working on the side of the allies than on that of the French. You have only to study his account of the first engagements of the fifteenth of June, of Ligny and Quatre-Bras, to realise how ill-luck dogged the Emperor, fastening on almost insignificant errors of judgment, on the slightest misconceptions, and worrying them into disasters. It is not always thus in war; it was not always thus with Napoleon; and the allied armies blundered more than once into victory. It was the realisation of the continued presence of General "Imprévu" at the side of his enemies which finally broke the supremacy of Napoleon's mind. Fortune had abandoned him; was, indeed, fighting against him; he lost the assurance of success; he caught sight among the opposing forces of something—Someone—more awful than flesh and blood, principalities and powers. We are strongly of opinion that it was this sense of battling with the inevitable, and not, as so many distinguished writers have affirmed, the state of his health, which was the secret of Napoleon's inaction on the morning of the seventeenth of June, the inaction which decided Waterloo. His trouble was not physical, but mental, spiritual. "With his faith in his destiny," writes M. Houssaye, "he had always been a daring, audacious gambler. Now that fortune showed herself contrary, he became a timid player. He hesitated to risk the game; he no longer followed his inspiration; temporised, weighed the chances, saw the *pros* and *cons*, and would risk nothing save on a certainty." For Napoleon knew everything was lost when he saw "General Unforeseen" take his stand at the elbow of the other player.

Fiction.

Hearts Importunate. By Evelyn Dickinson.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS is a very British and a very good novel; and though the landscape is Australian, the people are pre-eminently English of the English, carrying English manners and ideals to a remote sheep-station—clean, candid, curt, and arrogant in the true, fine insular way.

So Hazell reflected as he sat in his sitting-room at half-past six in the morning, polishing his favourite gun. He was an early riser: India had made him so, he said; but he did not wish to be exacting to his household. By means of a spirit-lamp he could make himself a great cup of tea, wherewith to enjoy his first pipe; and he liked to spend a quiet hour or two cleaning and mending his sporting tackle, looking to his dogs and horses, and occupying himself generally with dirty and interesting work of an Englishmanly kind. About seven o'clock he expected to be supplied with a firkin or so of boiling water (for India had made him chilly) with which to remove the traces of his toil, and then came breakfast; and then the long solitary riding, which seemed, when he thought of the future, to fill the whole vista of his life.

That is the hero. The heroine matches. Both of them had been the miserable victims of conjugal or quasi-conjugal disaster—Avis Fletcher especially. Miss Fletcher wished there were no men and no women, but only slightly materialised angels. She had that passionate hatred of even the minor phenomena of sex which is to be found sometimes in women who have had to endure the pointing finger of the world. When Hazell approached her she fought him back, as it were by an instinct of self-preservation; but in the end nature was too strong for her, and the pair were united. The manner of their coming together, by the way, is stale and theatrical, and constitutes the chief defect in an admirable book. Miss Dickinson writes excellently and has much feeling for character, natural beauty, and that quality of wonderfulness in the apparently commonplace which it is the business of the novelist to discern. Her descriptions of the large and varied Bolitho household, in particular, show distinguished talent.

The Tiger's Claw. By G. B. Burgin.
(C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 6s.)

WE have here a novel of London clerks, and its chief characteristics are a freakish good-humour and an amiable sentimentality. Mr. Burgin deals mildly with life, and yet there is a certain masterful relentlessness in his way of extracting from every situation its due toll of drollery and tenderness. The record of the friendship (based on a Mayne-Reid contract of blood) between Blount, the heavy, taciturn bourgeois youth, and "Monty" Grey, that scion of aristocracy, affords him full opportunity to exercise his gentle gifts of entertainment. In an external manner he is always fairly realistic, but when it comes to questions of motive, and crucial dialogue, he slips away from actuality, and remembers only the established conventions of a thousand novels:

Grey was silent, and Blount pursued his advantage. "You can do such a lot for me, Monty," he urged. "You're of gentle birth—I'm not; you're accustomed to good society—I'm not; you know the world—I don't. You can prevent me from being robbed in a hundred ways. Besides, the money wouldn't be any pleasure to me if I couldn't share it with you. We've always shared, haven't we? You know I think the world of you. Stop all this silly nonsense."

"Ah, but when we shared everything the difference wasn't so great. I did pay you back—sometimes."

"You've opened a new world to me," said Blount, "and now I'm going to open a new world to you—the world in which you are entitled to move by your birth and breeding. I sha'n't be happy until you marry an heiress. With

your good looks," he beamed upon his friend, "you're sure to marry some beautiful girl who has heaps of money, and become a great artist."

The story is neatly invented and fluently told, but we think that the Australian aunt (though her method of testing and benefiting Blount at one stroke is decidedly fresh) is too trite and unoriginal a figure for any novel dated 1900. On the whole a quaint, fanciful, unassuming book, which it is neither fatal to read nor fatal to have left unread.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

SIX STORIES NARRATED BY

MAX VON POCHHAMMER. BY EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN.

WE are not very sure whether Max von Pochhammer ever had an existence; but these purport to be stories told by him during his life. Pochhammer was a fine old Prussian army officer, and a rare raconteur. He would say: "Oh, my dear ladies, I have a story in my head! It has been with me all day. I will tell it, and you shall write it. I make you a present of it. Did you ever write a story in which the heroine should only speak one word twice over and nothing more? The only word she says is 'No!' The story begins with 'No!' and ends with 'No!' In my mind I have called the story 'No.'" There are six stories, of which the last is "No." (Leadenhall Press. 3s. 6d.)

THE PERSON IN THE HOUSE.

BY G. B. BURGIN.

THIS, we believe, is Mr. Burgin's thirteenth novel. Like many of its predecessors, it is concerned with the humours of London life. We hear much of a paper called *Top Lights*, a fourpenny fashion paper with wonderful personal paragraphs. "Did a noble dame dream of running away with her groom on Monday, by Tuesday her husband knew all about the contemplated elopement through the medium of *Top Lights*, which, in one instance, was thoughtful enough to append an extract from the Great Eastern time-tables, in order that the erring couple might not have too long a start of the enraged husband." (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE HAUNTED ROOM.

BY GEORGE HUMPHREY.

"Nothing is so extraordinary as the totally unexpected; nor so unlikely as the eagerly anticipated probable." This not very brilliant quotation from an unnamed author adorns the title-page of this "phantasmal phantasy," as the author calls his story. The illustrations give fair warning of the weird and the gruesome. (Sands. 3s. 6d.)

JAN OXBER.

BY ORME ANGUS.

A pleasant Wessex story of the old oak settle, and Blue Boar Inn, type. Jan is a kind village Hampden, with no belief in the theory of "betters." To the parson he says: "All I know is, parson, that it do zay a good deal mwore in the New Testymnt 'bout the rights ov the pore and wrongs the rich do than 'bout better. I never zeen better mentioned as I knows on, and the only better I knows be they that follow the Bible better than me. And I tell 'ee that iv 'ee preached a bit mwore 'bout gentry doen their duty and less 'bout vaults ov we pore volks things might be a lot better." The story is prettily illustrated, and is followed by four shorter stories. (Ward Lock. 3s. 6d.)

MUMMER MYSTIC PLAYS.

BY ALASTOR GRAEME.

The title is an enigma. The stories are two, and are concerned with country-house loves, romps, and flirtations. The second, "What's Gone of Menie?" is explained as "A Study in the Vulgarly of the Modern Maiden." (New Century Co.)

